

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

No. I. [NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, APRIL 10, 1824.

VOL. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Fourth Series, by fiction, &c.—GRAY.

THE FIRE EATER.

THE story is told by a young English officer, whose admiration for a beautiful French girl involves him in some perilous adventures, which, like a true knight, he bears gallantly for the sake of his mistress; but an avowal of his love produces the discovery of her history, and of her union with another. Left (with one brother scarce older than herself) quite destitute by her father, whom a change in government had ruined, an inn-keeper of the town, in memory of the gratitude he owed her family, adopts her as his child; and it is under his roof that our Englishman has met her. He leaves France, and leaves Pauline a bright and beautiful creature, in whose light-heartedness and buoyancy of spirits we are fain to read a prophecy of happiness. On his return he finds her the wretched and self-immolated wife, the despairing mother. She has wedded Duchesne—wedded him in the lowest ebb of his fortune, with all the devoted tenderness which seeks but for happiness in the depths of its affection, and in all the misery to which, as the principal organizer of a detected conspiracy, he is exposed. Hitherto he has eluded all attempts of apprehension: but at the market-place of Cambray he is made prisoner in the disguise of a fire-eater. But we shall here let the tale speak for itself, first of all premising that the prisoners fall into our officer's custody, the assistance of an English guard having been requested by the *Maire* :—

When I entered, the guard, with the fire-eater, his wife, and child, were clustered together near a blazing mass of small coal and billets of wood, which burned on an immense hearth-stone, and hissed and crackled as the rain poured through the wide chimney above. In the obscurity, in the extremity of the room, a private, who next day was to be flogged preparatory to being sent to a foreign regiment, lay sound asleep on a bed

of a few uncovered boards. I was hastily advancing, but paused, and shuddered with sickness at heart, when I found my fears realized, and saw in the prisoner my friend Duchesne.

He was standing with folded arms, his eyes bent on the fire, his face marked and stained, and his whole appearance disfigured.—Occasionally he impatiently beat his feet on the ground, a smile of contempt played on his lips, and I thought I could perceive, as he scowled on one of the soldiers who pressed upon him, some remains of that singular deformity with which he could so effectually disguise his features.

I turned with anxiety towards his companion: she was sitting on the ground, and supporting her head on her knees,—her hair hung dishevelled over her shoulders, and partially concealed a soiled and torn gown, which, drenched with rain, clung closely to her form. Her eyes were intently fixed on her little child who slept near the fire, and was almost hid by the smoke and steam which arose from its wet clothes. In the pale cheeks and haggard lineaments of the mother, I could see no trace of the bewitching girl, who, little more than a twelve-month before, had almost entirely absorbed my thoughts,—and I exulted that she was *not* the wretch before me. But the delusion was momentary—As I stepped up closer, the glare of the fire reflecting on the red cloak which hung on one shoulder and lay in folds in her lap, gave a flush to her face, and, as she slightly varied her posture, I could no longer doubt that Duchesne had involved in his misery the lovely, affectionate, devoted Pauline.

I wished to speak to her; but I paused to obtain sufficient self-possession, lest I should expose myself to my men. The sergeant with the guard were now walking about, and the clanking of their heavy swords on the pavement was the only interruption to the dreary silence. Near me a police or municipal officer, belonging to Bapaume, was disentangling a cord which I supposed he meant to convert into a fetter. In a few moments he rudely seized Duchesne, who as instantaneously shook him off. I did not know how to act; but one of the soldiers

stepping up, and with brawny arm holding Duchesne fast, I felt an abhorrence at the fellow's officiously lending himself to the ungracious task, and sprung forward to mark him. In my precipitation I struck my head against a beam which jutted from the wall, and from which were generally suspended the men's great coats and carabines. My helmet fell, and, before I recovered it, I had time to recollect myself, and refrain from giving to my men the first example of insubordination.

The noise attracted Duchesne's attention. He immediately recognised me, and, with a smile, which seemed to convey any idea rather than that of merriment, familiarly accosted me:—'Welcome, Sir, our last meeting (we will say nothing of the first,) was fully as pleasant as this,—notwithstanding Jose's Normandies tried your patience.—Times have much changed,—you were then my prisoner in that *maudite patache*; at present I am yours.' Pauline was roused by her husband's voice. She turned, and gazing on my face for a moment, sprung up, and made the roof ring with her tumultuous rejoicing. 'We are saved, we are saved!' she exclaimed, 'once more my husband is mine. Oh! Monsieur le Capitaine, you are indeed still the warm, kind-hearted Englishman. But let us not tarry here. This is no place of rest;—Soldiers! let us pass; your Captain commands.'

Every word she uttered came with a pang to my heart. I mournfully shook my head, and turned away to conceal my emotion. Her eyes flashed, and her brow clouded as if some hateful idea rose in her mind. Then, all becoming peace and serenity, she, with an expression of ineffable innocence, again addressed me:—'My child's first words shall bless you; I shall teach it to lisp your name. In its little prayers you shall be remembered. Duchesne, this is *le bon Capitaine*,—you cannot forget him; all the village poured their blessings on him when he left it. His heart and hand were always open to relieve misery; and are not we wretched? Besides, recollect times past. Did not you once wish to hold a place here?—and she put her hand to her bosom, and affected to assume a look of archness, fearfully contrasted with her sunk eye and hollow cheek,—but her effort was in vain, and she burst into tears.

Suddenly she recovered herself, and acquiring energy as the suspicion revived that the appeal was hopeless—'Do you hesitate?' she said—'once you begged that I would pardon your indiscretion—now be bold—be resolute. My husband is on the verge of the grave—exposed to an ignominious death. You, with one strong grasp, can save. Put forth, then, your hand—rescue him—for, as sure as that lightning

flashes past my eyes, the same spot shall hold us both. Ay, living or dead, we will descend together into the tomb. Oh! look not thus, but act—a word will be enough—your men burn to obey you. Alas! are *their* hearts less hard than yours?—and what see they in this poor emaciated form to kindle their emotions? Let me conjure you,' she added, with increasing vehemence, 'by every tie dear to you—by the services my husband once did—by mine—by your own goodness—by the love you once professed—which was almost returned'—And she threw herself at my feet, and clung to my knees. If the world had been at stake, I could not articulate a syllable. A chilliness impeded the pulsation of my heart—my head became dizzy—the appeal was made by Pauline—life was asked, the gift was in my power—and yet I dare not grant the boon.

'What!' she suddenly exclaimed, rising from the ground with frantic vehemence; 'You are afraid? Oh, dare you not?—or, worse—are you, after all, a hollow friend? When the sunshine of happiness glowed around me, what professions were too strong for you. Now, when the winter of misery has chilled and shrivelled this face, and driven the colour from these cheeks, you forget—you hesitate—you fear—you see my wretchedness without compassion, and allow my breast to be convulsed with agony, when, with a word, you could restore peace, and soothe the wild throbbing of my heart. Do you not hear me, that you answer not? It is no phantom, no impostor, who entreats you. I am Pauline—the adopted daughter of Monsieur Bernarde—the peasant girl of Hautcourt—she whom, in the fulness of your heart, you would have called your own;—but her hand was plighted to him who now is also a suppliant for mercy. Or does the dark cloud which seems to hang before my eyes shut me from your vision?—Am I indeed deserted?—No, no!' she added, with a strange, bewildered gaze, as she seized my arm—'I have thee fast, and here will I cling till you relent—my very infant joins me. Can you refuse the outstretched arms of my child?' The little creature, basking in the warmth of the fire, had grasped some crisped and dried leaves on the floor, and, in happy ignorance of the misery around, was smiling in its play. 'Speak!' Pauline resumed: 'our destiny is in your hands;—do we live or die—husband—mother—child?' But nature could not endure the conflict, and she again fell at my feet.

I looked towards my men, and saw that I had but to wave my arm and the prisoners would be free. I forgot prudence—my duty—my orders—and was on the point of uttering the word, when Duchesne stepped forward.—'Stop!' he said, 'think what you are about to do. I have been a soldier, and

know a soldier's duty. Your honour is at stake. I would not, at the price of its forfeiture, purchase the life even of my wife and child. I was wrong, deeply wrong, to allow you to be thus solicited. I know that, at this moment, you suffer little less than myself, but you must conquer your feelings. Your duty is peremptory. I am in your custody, and shall remain so. I shall not stir an inch from this place though this moment you threw the doors open for my passage. I am resolved, and changeableness is no part of Duchesne's character.'

Duchesne is however brought to trial: Duchesne stood at the bar. He was dressed in the uniform of the regiment to which he had belonged, and was decorated with a profusion of orders and military honours. Pale and thoughtful, his features, while they seemed to indicate complete dominion over the feelings of his heart, still betrayed the struggle which he had undergone to obtain the mastery. Once he looked around, as the crowd, notwithstanding all the efforts of the attendants on the court, pressed on him, to gain a sight of an individual whose probable fate had created general interest. He recognised a friend, probably some old companion in arms, and a glow of animation spread over his face; but, as his eyes fell on Pauline, leaning against the bar, absorbed in deep expectancy, and intently gazing on the judges, a slight motion of his lips, and a faint hectic flush on his forehead, told how unsuccessful he had been in conquering the emotions with which *her* misery wrung his heart. Suddenly he perceived me. Stern composure again marked his countenance—he waved his hand towards me with calmness and dignity. I thought he glanced his eyes towards the honourable testimonials of his military services, as if contrasting his present appearance with the humble garb which he wore when we formerly had met. He drew himself up, and beckoned to me to approach. Is it possible, I thought, that this person can be Duchesne? the obscure, lowly individual, seeking a livelihood or concealment in the most degrading and menial employments: and my imagination painted him at Oisie—at Arras—in the cavern—at the fete—at Haut-Escalles—and in the market-place.

[The exertions of the officer obtain for Duchesne a reprieve. Dreading the least delay, he bears it himself, and arrives at the little town assigned for his execution:]

Careless of the rude and broken causeway, over which the horse with difficulty kept its footing, I pushed forward,—I gained the opening to the *place*.—I saw a crowd of people, and distinguishing the guillotine in the centre,—all was silent, and I was yet in time.—I struck my spurs rowel-deep,—I endeavoured to aid and lift my horse with

the bridle.—I leant down to prevent the least resistance to the air,—I passed like lightning. As I approached nearer I sought to attract attention,—but every eye was bent on the sad spectacle:—I raised myself in the stirrups,—I waved my hat in the air,—I shouted with my utmost force,—I drove through the crowd. I reached the bottom of the scaffold, and sprung from my horse as the axe descended through the groove, and dropped with a sudden and hollow sound. A cry of pity—a murmur like the noise of many waters reached my ears—and I saw the crowd slowly retiring.

LUCY BEAUMONT.

*Cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas
Quando ullum invenient parem?*

Lucy had a frankness in her disposition which made her detest every species of deception; she had been a total stranger to it from her childhood, and knew not how to practise it; therefore, though on the appearance of Charles Auland, the suffusion on her cheek heightened to a deep crimson, she no longer attempted to hide it, but turning to her husband, said, "You have, unknowingly, done me a great favour; this gentleman was one of my earliest friends; his uncle was for many years our Pastor." Then extending her hand to Charles, "I am glad to see you, Mr. Auland, and hope the occasion of this renewal of our acquaintance will be for your advantage."—"Your grace does me much honour," said Charles, in a voice scarcely articulate, bowing very low over the hand he hardly dared trust himself to touch; though his fingers ached to clasp and press it to his heart. Nothing could have been more unexpected than this interview on both sides; but to Charles it was a clap of thunder, annihilating in an instant a thousand chimerical hopes which he had almost unconsciously indulged; that time might work a miracle in his favour, and that Lucy Beaumont would one day be his. He had not heard of her marriage, or even that she was addressed. He had been abroad with a gentleman of rank who visited the south of France for his health, and Auland with him in the capacity of companion, friend, and secretary; in all these characters he had acquitted himself so well, that at his decease, the gentleman had left him a very genteel remembrance, and had, previous to his dissolution, written in such strong terms to his friends in England, that three days after Charles's arrival in London, he was informed that the Duke of Athlayne wanted a private secretary, and that he had been mentioned to his grace in such terms as would ensure him the situation, if it was such as met his wishes. It was the very

thing he desired; it was the road to preferment, and in his way to Pall Mall, independence and Lucy Beaumont had more than once floated in his imagination. But Lucy Beaumont was no more; and in her place he beheld the Duchess of Athlayne, the wife of the man whom he had looked up to as a future patron, by whom he was to attain that independence.

The belief on either side that their secret was confined to their own bosoms, helped to dissipate the confusion the first meeting occasioned; mutual inquiries took place, and by degrees, the conversation became general and lively. Charles retired after breakfast with the Duke to his study, and Lucy to her own heart to make some serious inquiries. Terrified at the emotion the sight of this long esteemed object had occasioned, she began by asking, should she do right in permitting a man who had certainly once possessed her whole heart, and whom she could not even now behold with indifference, to become an inmate in her family and to gain the friendship of her husband. "But he has never been acquainted with my partiality," said she, mentally, "and will it not be unjust to deprive so deserving a man of the patronage of one so able to promote his interest, merely because I have been weak? I have deceived myself in ever supposing he felt more for me than for any other woman; and the distance rank has now placed between us, will prevent that familiarity of intercourse which might strengthen my partiality, and perhaps in an unguarded moment betray it. If, as Lucy Beaumont, I was sufficiently guarded to prevent his reading my heart, surely now when duty, honour, moral rectitude, are on the side of discretion, I shall not act with less prudence and fortitude."

The offers made by the Duke to Charles, were liberal in the extreme; he hesitated not to accept them, his modesty leading him to suppose he was totally mistaken in regard to Lucy's sentiments in past time; that if she ever had felt the smallest degree of partiality in his favour, it was long since eradicated; and the frank manner in which she had received him, and announced their former intimacy to her husband, tended to fix this idea. He was a young man of strict honour: and though he knew he should never cease to venerate, he resolved never to permit love and the Duchess of Athlayne to enter his mind together.

During his residence in the Duke's family, which was nearly three years, Lucy felt herself the happiest of human beings; she saw Charles frequently, enjoyed his society in company with her husband, who discovered and esteemed his merits; she saw him in the road to preferment, as the Duke declared he had hope of speedily obtaining for

him a lucrative post under government; and perhaps it was some addition to her happiness to observe, that amongst the number of the fair sex, with whom he associated, he paid no particular attention to any one, though polite and attentive to all. For unless when mixing with the Duchess' parties, at which he was ever expected to make one, whether public or private, he usually spent his time in his own apartment, when not engaged in the duties of his station.

At length a situation offered which the Duke thought would suit his young friend; he obtained it for him, and when the family took their annual visit to their estates in Scotland, he took his leave of his noble benefactor; and when at parting, he pressed the hand of Lucy to his lips, the fervour of his feelings were free from the smallest particle of passion. During the summer, the Duke was seized with a fever which terminated his existence, and Lucy resolved not to return to London the ensuing winter, but pass it in retirement in Scotland. During the life of the Duke, he had taken under his protection a young lady, the orphan child of a naval officer who had died in the service of his country. This child he had placed at a respectable school, and meant to provide handsomely for her; she used always to spend her holydays with the Duchess, and Charles ever admired her as an amiable promising girl. In the last conversation he had with his noble patron, the Duke hinted how happy it would make him, could he resign Clara Neville to such a protector. After the family left town, Charles paid several visits to Miss Neville, who though she had not left school, was nearly eighteen. He thought frequently of his patron's hint, and began to believe he should be happy with such a companion, could he be assured she preferred him to all other men. Taught from her first knowledge of him to consider Mr. Auland as a perfect being, it was an easy transition from perfect esteem to lively affection; and when on the death of the Duke, she was sent for to spend the winter with the Duchess in Scotland, she professed to him at parting that the time would seem long until she should again see him.

It was about the middle of the ensuing May, that Lucy being in the garden at the close of the evening, observing some alterations which she had directed to be made, when she saw at the end of a walk, advancing towards her, Clara Neville, leaning on the arm of a gentleman. As there were few who visited Athlayne Castle in a familiar way, she was conjecturing who it could be, when the sound of a voice which had never been heard without emotions of pleasure made her heart vibrate, as she advanced to meet him. The pleasure of the meeting can easily be imagined; the evening

passed delightfully, and the next day, and the next, flew on the wings of pleasure; during which time Charles had found opportunity to inquire into the state of Clara's affection, and obtain permission to apply to her protectress for leave to make her his wife. It would be vain to say Lucy had not suffered latent hope to revive in her bosom on this unexpected visit of her long esteemed friend; and when he requested half an hour's private conversation on a subject very near his heart, her hopes almost amounted to a certainty. She had been a widow above nine months, and therefore did not conceive any impropriety in listening to an overture of the kind, for Lucy was above affecting a depth of sorrow she did not feel. She lamented the loss of her husband, as that of an inestimable man from whom she had received many favours; and for whom she had felt a high veneration, but it was impossible she could lament the dissolution of ties in which the heart had taken no part. What then must have been the shock her sensibility sustained, when, instead of pleading his cause with herself, this long and secretly selected object of affection solicited her interest with another person. A cold chill ran to her heart, the blood forsook her cheeks, and it was some minutes before she could reply. At length she said in a low voice. "That it would ever give her pleasure to promote his happiness: and if Clara was not averse to the union, she would throw no obstacles in the way." The tremulous voice, the pallid cheek, the tear hardly repressed, awakened something like suspicion in the bosom of Auland, that he had still an interest in the heart of Lucy; but he had gone too far to retract; the affections of the young and innocent Clara were engaged, and now to aspire to the hand of the Duchess, would be highly dishonourable, as well as being liable to misconstruction in regard to the motive from which he acted. He therefore thanked her for her acquiescence, and left the apartment.—Lucy had now a new part to act; a part most excruciating to her feelings. She went beyond her promises; so far from throwing obstacles in the way, she hastened the preparations for their union, and a month from the time of his arrival in Scotland, Auland departed, taking Clara with him a bride; she having received from her noble friend a fortune of five thousand pounds.—Lucy had resolution sufficient to act thus far with rigid propriety; she even forced herself to breakfast with them on the morning of their nuptials; but her strength could go no farther—to accompany them to church, or see them on their return, she felt was impossible. One of her women accompanied Clara on her journey, and when they stopped for the night, delivered a letter address-

ed to them both, breathing the most fervent wishes for their happiness; but taking leave of them for ever, as she declared she would never again visit London, but meant to pass the residue of her life in seclusion. That residue was but short; rest and appetite forsook her; tears were her constant companions, wetting her pillow at night, and seasoning her solitary and scanty meals by day. Her father had paid the debt of nature; she had no friend to call her back to the active scenes of life; the world was a blank; her heart a dreary void—and six months saw her a shadow standing on the verge of eternity. Her favourite woman, distressed to see her lady reduced to such extreme low health, ventured to write to Mr. Auland. On the wings of gratitude and esteem he hastened to Scotland. The shadow of the once lovely Lucy was reclining on a sofa; the daylight was withdrawn, and only the fire illumined the apartment; her eyes were closed, and, in all probability, her thoughts were fixed on the person who had for so many years occupied them. Her woman softly opened the dressing-room door, and Charles, on tip-toe, followed her in; when he beheld the fragile expiring form of Lucy, an exclamation escaped him. "Who's that?" she cried, wildly, starting up; she saw him, shrieked his name with an emphatic blessing; and sinking on the ground, expired. An unfinished letter addressed to Mrs. Auland, gave the history of her heart, from the commencement of her affection to the day of her death. She had made her will, which rendered her beloved Charles and his wife, independent; but to the former, the possession of that independence was embittered by the remembrance of the sufferings of the lovely, unfortunate donor.

THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in and who's out,
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

BEARDS.—The high estimation which beards were held in of old is proved by the history of the manners of every civilized region of the world. Indeed the disputes that occurred, from time to time, upon the mode of wearing the hair, has not unfrequently been as fatal to the contending parties as those originating in matters of faith or civil policy. Baldwin, Prince of Edessa, pawned his beard for a great sum of money, which beard was redeemed by his father Gabriel, Prince of Mytilene, with a vast treasure, to prevent the ignominy which his son must have been exposed to by the loss of that venerable characteristic of man.

The modern *fops* might well smile on reading of the time which certain city *beaux* spent under the hands of a *barber* in the days of beards. One, a Mr. Richard Shute, a London merchant, in the time of Charles, says his grand-daughter, Mrs. Thomas, "was very nice in the mode of that age, his *valet* being some hours every morning in *starching* his *beard* and curling his *whiskers*, during which time a gentleman whom he maintained as a companion always read to him *some useful subject*." Thus we may infer that *fop* and *fool* were not always synonymous.

HOW TO GET RID OF A WIFE.—Bishop Thomas, who was a man of great wit and drollery, was observing at a visitation, that he had been four times married; and, should his present wife die, he declared he would take another, whom it was his opinion he should also survive. "Perhaps gentlemen," continued the bishop, "you do not know the art of getting quit of your wives; I will tell you how I do: I am called a good husband, and so I am, for I never contradict them. But do not you know that the want of contradiction is fatal to women? If you contradict them, that alone is exercise and health, the best medicine in the world for all women;—but if you constantly give them their own way, they will soon languish and pine or become gross and lethargic for want of exercise."

PHYSICIANS AND TURKEYS.—In Spain, presents of sweetmeats are common among friends at Christmas; and patients send to their medical attendants the established acknowledgment of a turkey; so that doctors in great practice open a kind of public market for the disposal of their poultry. These turkeys are driven in flocks by gipsies, who patiently walk in the rear of the ungovernable phalanxes, from several parts of Old Castile and chiefly from Salamanca; the march which they perform is not less than four hundred miles, and lasts about one half of the year. The turkeys, which are brought from the farmers mere chickens, acquire their full growth like our fashionables, in travelling and seeing the world.

A son of Thespis had a wig, which generally hung on a peg in one of his rooms. He one day lent the wig to a brother player, and some time after called on him. He had his dog with him, and the man happened to have the borrowed wig on his head. The player staid a little while with his friend, but when he left him, the dog remained behind; for some time he stood looking full in the man's face, when making a sudden spring, leaped on his shoulders, seized the wig, and

ran off with it as fast as he could; and, when he reached home, he endeavoured by jumping to hang it up in its usual place.

GOLDSMITH.—When poor Goldsmith had wrought his way up to fame, some friend wishing to introduce him into more and higher society, advised him to give an evening entertainment at his chambers. Ladies and gentlemen were accordingly invited, and titled and untitled came. Goldsmith, in a pea-green coat, and other parts of his dress appropriately gay, received his guests with due politeness, and the party amused themselves very agreeably. After tea, &c. cards were proposed; and Loo, the fashionable game of that day, soon engaged the attentions of its votaries, Goldsmith attending and enjoying the vicissitudes of their speculations. At length, however, he was observed to become exceedingly agitated; he walked round the table, and up and down, with a disordered step and a disturbed air. Mr. Bunbury, one of the gamesters, had a run of ill luck, and had lost several pounds. This so distressed his host that he could endure it no longer, but, shocked to see any one plundered of so immense a sum in his house, he called him out of the room, and slipping a guinea into his hand, begged him for heaven's sake to play no more.

BLUNDERING.—At a late fair of Ballinasloe, a rich grazier, being in his cups, made a boast that he and three other pot companions had contrived to swallow sixteen bottles of port at one sitting. 'Pray, sir,' said a gentleman present, 'would you have the goodness to give us the names of the three other brutes that were engaged with you?' 'That I will,' says he, 'there was Tom Matthews—that's *one*; the *two* Grogans—that's *two*; myself—that's *three*; and—(after a long pause)—why, by my soul there were four of us—Let me see, (reckoning upon his fingers), there's the *two* Grogans—that's *one*; myself—that's *two*; Tom Matthews—that's *three*; and—by the ——— I forget the name of the other; but I know that there were *four* of us, any how.'

BOX MOT.—Two gentlemen were walking in the High-street, Southampton, about the hour which the industrious damsels of the mop and brush usually devote to cleaning the pavement before the door. It happened that the bucket used upon such occasions was upon the stones, and one of the gentlemen stumbled against it. "My dear friend," exclaimed the other, "I lament your death exceedingly!" "My death!" "Yes, you have just kicked the *bucket*."—"Not so," rejoined his friend, "I have only turned a little *pale* (pail)."

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

THE PERSIANS.

No. I.

M. Morier, in his 'Journey through Persia,' gives the following description of his lodgings at Tabriz, and of the domestic habits of the natives. His habitation belonged to an Armenian family, the head of which was a *Keshish* or priest: it consisted of several rooms built upon elevated terraces, looking upon two sides of a square, besides several other small unconnected rooms, situated here and there. A garden was attached to it, in which were apple, pear, cherry, walnut, and jujube trees, besides rose trees. "Beneath my chambers were two under-ground rooms, where lived one of the priest's sons and his wife. One of the rooms was a magazine for arrack, of which the husband was both a drinker and a vender. But, as the prince had prohibited the sale of this liquor, and of wine, under very heavy penalties, none was sold except in a clandestine manner, and that to persons well known. The noises that issued from the adjoining houses were quite characteristic of Persian domestic life. In my immediate vicinity lived an old morose Persian, who daily quarrelled with his women; and I could distinguish the voice of one particular female, whose answers, made in a taunting and querulous tone, did not fail to throw him into passions so violent, that they generally terminated in blows, the noise of which, accompanied by corresponding lamentations, I could distinctly hear. Then, bordering on the garden wall, scarce twenty yards from where I usually sat, was a society of women, five or six in number, the wives and slaves of a Mussulman, who were either dissolved in tears, sobbing like children, or entranced in the most indecent and outrageous merriment. Sometimes they sung in the loudest tone accompanied by a tambourine; and then quarrelled among themselves, using expressions of no ordinary indelicacy. Accident once gave me a view into their yard, where I saw three women surrounded with children, seated on the bare stones, smoking the *kaleoon*. They wore a large black silk handkerchief round their heads, a chemise which descended as low as the middle, a pair of loose trowsers, and green high-heeled slippers; and this, I believe, may be considered as a sketch of every Persian woman's dress within the harem, in hot weather. But there are noises peculiar to every city and country; and none are more distinct and characteristic than those of Persia. First, at the dawn of day the *muezzins* are heard in great

variety of tones; calling the people to prayers, from the top of the mosques; these are mixed with the sounds of cow-horns, blown by the keepers of the *hummums*, to inform the women who bathe before the men, that the baths are heated, and ready for their reception. The cow-horns set all the dogs howling in a frightful manner; the asses of the town generally begin to bray about the same time, and are answered by all those in the neighbourhood; a thousand cocks then intrude their shrill voices, which, with other subsidiary noises, of persons calling to each other, knocking at doors, and cries of children, complete a din very unusual to the ears of a European. In the summer season, as the operations of domestic life are mostly performed in the open air, every noise is heard. At night, all sleep on the tops of their houses, their beds being spread upon their terraces, without any other covering over their heads than the vault of heaven. The poor seldom have a screen to keep them from the gaze of passengers; and as we generally rode out on horseback at a very early hour, we perceived on the tops of the houses people either still in bed, or just getting up, and certainly no sight was ever stranger."

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

MR. BOOTH.

This gentleman has re-appeared on our boards, to the gratification of all who admire fine acting. In the short term of one year his improvement is strongly visible, and it would be difficult to say at what point he will stop; we prophecy that it will be near the *vertex*. Such uncommon energies in so young a man give fair promise of a glorious maturity. Mr. Booth has made choice of a cast of character that is admirably suited to his peculiar powers. The dark, remorseless, and dauntless villain, subtle in heart, bold in hand, now hypocritically pious, and now daringly open in crime, is his *forte*. He stirs the strong, fearful, and desperate passions, in preference to those of a mild and captivating nature. The heart under his influence is a sea of stormy feelings, agitated and darkened, and reposing only during the intervals of the tempest.

Mr. Booth re-appeared in Richard III. This is one of his best characters. He entered upon the introductory soliloquy with

much spirit. When commenting upon his own personal deformity, his countenance gradually changed from the expression of passive discontent to that of active self-scorn, and as he declared his determination "to prove a villain," the character of daring villany assumed by his face, and the deep meaning of his eye, did not belie his words. In the second scene his powers are further developed. In the altercation with lady Anne, which we cannot but say terminates unnaturally, he throws out some very fine touches. When the lady execrates his crimes, and says of the murdered King Henry,

"Oh! he was gentle, mild, and virtuous," he replies with a singular mixture of irony and hypocritical gravity,

"The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him." His face assumes its most persuasive manner when he attempts to pacify the lady, and to convince her that she herself is the cause of his crimes. He kneels before her and offers her his sword, if she *can* plunge it in the breast of one who adores her; she hesitates, he raises his voice, exclaiming in provocation,

"Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry;" and as she prepares to stab him, his countenance changes, he supplicates and flatters, his eye loses its fierceness, his voice sinks into its softest notes, and he utters,

"But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me." She again pauses and half averts her face; he fastens on her a scrutinizing glance, and again thunders forth—

"Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabbed young Edward;" and as he sees her angry passions rise once more, he again fixes on her a melting eye and murmurs,

"But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on." They part in amity, and then follows his fine soliloquy:

"Was ever woman in this humour woo'd,
Was ever woman in this humour won?" &c.

In the fourth act as the plot thickens, we find him sounding his coadjutor Buckingham in a masterly manner. As he utters his words of dark import, urging the duke to Edward's murder, there is a keen spirit in his fixed features which seems to be reading the inmost heart of Buckingham; the latter, hesitates and retires. The tone of Richard, when uttering,

"High reaching Buckingham grows circumspect,"

warns the hearer that the fate of the duke is sealed.

In the fourth scene the usurper is on his march to battle against Richmond, and meets his mother with Queen Elizabeth. They assail him with reproaches loud and long, until at last lashed into fury, he commands the trumpets to sound, and raises his own voice to its highest pitch, as if to drown their clamours. A fine scene follows between himself and the queen; with the utmost artfulness he gains her consent, that he shall marry her daughter; and as they part, for a moment his whole face flashes with strong contempt, as he utters—

"Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!"

Soon after, a messenger comes in to tell that Buckingham is taken prisoner, he shouts in demoniac exultation,

"Off with his head—so much for Buckingham!" and marches on with a satisfied air.

But the greatest display of power is in the tent scene. He enters with a heaviness of mien as if weighed down by gloomy forebodings, and undefined expectations. He is no longer the bold-browed and high-toned villain; but his face is mantled in sadness, and his voice low and spiritless. This is a fine preparation for that which follows. He throws himself on his couch, and the frowning spirits of the departed, of those whose bodies he had laid in a bloody grave, pass in long review before him, each breathing the warning of his coming doom. His rest is disturbed, his limbs writhe, his bosom heaves, his countenance darkens, and he starts from his pillow in horrible agony; his face is rigid, and his eyes staring in frantic fear, as if gazing still on the dark spectres of his dream,

"Give me another horse, bind up my wounds—
Have mercy, heaven!"

His senses gradually return, although the horror of his countenance remains, and he adds,

"Soft, I did but dream,"

in a tone which implies a fearful doubt whether what he had seen be indeed a dream, or dreadful reality. The whole scene was appalling.

Next to his Richard, Mr. Booth's Sir Giles Overreach must be ranked. In Sir Edward Mortimer, and Reuben Glenroy, he is excellent; but Posthumus does not allow sufficient scope for his powers. His Bertram we think inferior to Mr. Conway's

particularly in the first scene. Mr. C. is led in by the monks in a state of exhaustion, and his slow recovery and gradual return of sense render the wild start he makes on hearing the name of Aldobrand, strikingly effective. Mr. B. introduces himself less exhausted, and almost instantly utters, "Where am I?" The contrast is against him. In the interview too between Bertram and the prior, where the former says,

—"Count Bertram,
Whose smile was fortune and whose will was law,
Doth bow him to the prior of St. Anselm,
For water to refresh his parched lip
And this hard matted couch to fling his limbs on."

Mr. Conway gave this sentence with a tone and look of bitter irony; Mr. Booth, in the sad and sincere accents of a suppliant, by no means suited to the character of the fierce, haughty, and unbending Bertram.

Mr. Booth has a wonderful command of features; in the expression of fierce passions his whole frame is exerted, the muscles of his neck are strained and the blood obeys his bidding, and mantles his face, or deserts it as occasion requires. His voice when raised to its highest pitch, is like Kean's, very harsh, and at times unintelligible; its low notes are very fine and very affecting. His greatest fault (one which seems inherent with great talents,) is that he sometimes carries passion too far, and oversteps the bounds of nature. This, however, is an error which those who are subject to strong feeling will readily pardon. May he go on and prosper.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

MEMOIRS OF FRANCIS GARDEN, ESQ. (Lord Gardenstone.)

FRANCIS GARDEN was born at Edinburgh, June 24th, 1721. After passing through the usual course of liberal education at the university of his native city, he applied to the study of law as a profession, and was admitted as a member of the faculty of advocates in 1744. For several years Mr. Garden was less distinguished for his displays at the bar than for a disposition to literary pursuits, and the gay enjoyments of convivial intercourse. His chief delight was in the social circle, where a lively fancy, a strong flow of constitutional good humour, and much of that fondness for new opinions, so common to young and ardent minds, made him equally loved and admired. Occasionally, the Muses would come in for

a share of his devotions; and the last love ditty, or imitation of Horace, by Mr. Garden, was oftener inquired after among his friends, than what important cause he had last pleaded before the courts.

Although such habits cannot be supposed to have been favourable to his progress in legal knowledge, yet no such deficiency was ever perceptible in his professional appearances. With the aid of a vigorous understanding, great quickness of getting at the points on which an issue depended, and a manly style of eloquence, he covered over all defects, and left his clients no reason to complain of the want either of ability or zeal in their advocate. His reputation as a barrister increased almost in spite of himself and of his gay propensities; and there were at length few important causes in which he was not engaged. In the celebrated one relating to the Douglas peerage he took a leading part, and was one of the counsel sent to France, to inquire into the circumstances connected with the case which occurred in that country. In 1764, Mr. Garden was promoted to be his Majesty's solicitor general; and shortly after raised to the bench, when he assumed the name of Lord Gardenstone.

His lordship had, a few years before this event, made a purchase of the estate of Johnston, in the county of Kincardine; and his office of judge affording him considerable leisure, he now commenced on his property one of the most liberal schemes of improvement which have been witnessed in Scotland for the last century. Adjoining to the estate was a miserable village, called Laurencekirk. In 1730 the number of inhabitants in it did not exceed eighty; and at the time of Lord Gardenstone's purchase they had decreased to fifty-four. In 1765 his lordship laid down a plan of a new village, and began to offer leases of small farms, and ground for building, for the term of one hundred years, at a low rent, and on most liberal conditions. Settlers, of all descriptions, flocked rapidly to the village; and as a still farther encouragement, his lordship, within a few years, reduced his ground rents to one half of the original rate. His next object was to provide employment for this increasing population; and with this view he engaged in several undertakings, which were not, however, attended with that success he anticipated. But the village, notwithstanding, still continued to increase in size and prosperity; and many useful manufactures sprang up, as it were spontaneously, among the people themselves; in particular that of the snuff boxes, for which Laurencekirk has since become so famous. In 1779 his lordship procured it to be erected into a Burgh of Barony, with power to elect every three years a baillie and four counsellors, to regulate the

police of the burgh, with the privileges of holding weekly markets and an annual fair. He also erected a handsome inn for the reception of travellers, and furnished it with a library for their amusement, (probably the only one of the kind in either kingdom,) and with an album for the reception of fugitive specimens of poetry, in imitation of those to be met with at most places of note on the continent of Europe. And to complete his lordship's satisfaction, he had, at length, the pleasure of seeing a linen manufactory and bleachfield established, and in a thriving state.

In 1785, his brother, Alexander Garden of Troup, dying without issue, Lord Gardenstone succeeded to the family estates, worth about £3000 sterling a year. Beginning now to feel the infirmities of age, his lordship availed himself of this increase of fortune to put in execution a plan of foreign travel, by which he hoped to recruit his strength, and prolong his days of usefulness on the earth. He resigned the judiciary or criminal branch of his duties as a judge for a pension of £200; and procuring a temporary dispensation from the performance of his civil functions, took his departure for the continent in September 1786. The whole of the next two years he spent in travelling through France, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and Italy. At the end of 1788, he returned to his native country, considerably invigorated in constitution, and with a large store of objects of natural history, and specimens of the fine arts, collected in the course of his travels.

In 1791 he published the first volume of "Travelling Memorandums, made in a tour upon the continent of Europe, in the years 1786, 1787, and 1788." In 1793 he added a second volume; and, since his death, a third has been supplied from his papers by his friends. The work contains a great deal of acute observation and curious anecdote; and till superseded by the works of more recent, though not often so intelligent travellers, was much read and admired. In 1791 he also published, under the title of "Miscellanies, in prose and verse," a collection of the various fugitive pieces which he had written at different periods, but chiefly in the gayer days of his youth. It appeared without his name, but was immediately assigned by general report to his lordship; nor has there ever appeared any reason to doubt that he was the author.

His lordship's residence, during the closing years of his life, was chiefly at Edinburgh. He imagined that he derived benefit from the use of the mineral spring called St. Bernard's Well, in the vicinity of that city; and, as a mark of his gratitude, he erected over it a very massy building of freestone, surmounted by a temple in the

ancient taste, in which he placed a statue of *Hygeia*, the goddess of health. The elegance of the building, and the romantic scenery amid which it was placed, its base being washed by a small river, whose precipitous and woody banks are in some places finely ornamented, and every where beautiful, soon attracted crowds of visitors, who benefiting, if not from the water, at least from the fine air which they breathed, and the exercise they enjoyed, the spring acquired such reputation for its supposed virtues, that it has ever since continued a place of favourite resort for the inhabitants of the city. Having reached the advanced age of seventy-three, Lord Gardenstone departed this life on the 22d of July 1793, universally and deeply regretted.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

—Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

ON ARTIFICIAL FOUNTAINS, OBTAINED BY BORING THE EARTH.

There is nothing of greater importance to man than a constant and abundant supply of pure water, the want of which has been long and grievously felt in the city of New-York. The impracticability of conveying it from a distance by a canal, or through pipes, has been shown by the result of several extensive surveys; and after a large portion of the public money had been expended in this way, the expectation of obtaining the desirable and important object in view, had, till of late, been given up as hopeless. Several of our citizens, who have made science their chief study, and who have had opportunities of observing what has been done in other countries, have adopted, what we consider, a rational and well-founded conclusion, that a sufficient supply of wholesome water may be obtained, and that at no great expense, on this island. Under this impression, an application has been made to the Legislature for a charter of incorporation for the purpose of raising money, in order to carry this project into full and immediate effect.

The plan by which this is to be accomplished, is by boring the earth with large augers, made for the purpose, and sufficiently strong to penetrate the different strata which they may encounter in their descent. In England, where augers of this description are frequently used by colliers and others for deeply penetrating the bowels of

the earth, this practice has at various times, and in many places, been the means of tapping springs of water concealed and confined beneath the surface, which has afterwards risen, and continued to overflow the top of these bore-holes. From observing this, the inhabitants of Lincolnshire, in particular, have very ingeniously conceived the practicability of saving the expense and trouble of digging wells, by substituting bore-holes, and inserting a leaden or tin pipe into the perforation, tightly fixed by ramming round it a quantity of tempered clay. A wooden pump case, of the usual construction (except wanting a slit for the handle) is then erected round the pipe; through the ordinary perforation, the top end of the bore-pipe is turned horizontally; and from this constantly flows a fine stream of pure water. In other places of England where the want of it was generally felt, owing to the wells not being sufficiently deep, the earth has, within the last forty years, been pierced through, to a considerable depth under the clay from the surface of which the water was formerly obtained, by which a never-failing supply of remarkably clear and brilliant water, particularly soft, and adapted to every domestic purpose, is afforded. The depths of these wells have varied from about 110 to 140 feet; and when the water was arrived at in sinking some of them, it rose with such rapidity as to overtake the digger before his escape could be well effected. The practice of deepening wells, however, has in a great measure been superseded by that of boring the earth, which is less expensive, and answers a better purpose; because the water got in this way, being removed from the contamination of cess pools and common sewers, is more wholesome than that contained in wells, which from their close vicinity to dwelling houses, are constantly imbibing impurities.

We have now before us an engraving of a pump, erected at Tottenham in England, in the year 1801, round the top of a pipe fixed in a bore-hole, through which a copious and constant supply of water flows from a depth of 105 feet, and rising 6 feet above the surface, and which, it is stated, has neither increased nor diminished, in winter nor in summer, since the period the pipe was fixed. The pump is elevated on the top of a cast iron pedestal, and the water, passing

through a tube, and flowing over the lip or edge of a vase, forms a bell-shaped continual sheet of water, enclosing the vase as in a glass case. It is collected and again conducted downwards through the pedestal to the place of its discharge, out of the mouth of a dolphin, about 18 inches from the ground, for the convenience of placing a pail or pitcher under the stream. The quantity of water thrown up and discharged is at the rate of 14 gallons a minute, and the expense of boring in this instance appears to have been about five times less than that of digging. The cost of well digging is estimated in all cases, at from three and a half to seven times more than boring.

From these and other facts, which could be mentioned, it is obvious that pure water in sufficient quantity to supply this city may be obtained in the neighbourhood. We have already supplies brought in, during the summer months, of excellent water, obtained from a pump well near Fort Gansevoort, a few paces from the north river, which we understand, is never exhausted although it is resorted to by numerous water carriers at all hours of the day. This spot (and there is, doubtless, many others equally suitable) cannot fail to have attracted the notice of the company to which we have alluded, as possessing superior advantages over situations nearer the city, where the water, owing to the under ground communication that necessarily exists between our wells, our common sewers, and other receptacles of filth, must be more or less polluted.

It would be an easy matter to show, that the health of our citizens depends in a very high degree on a regular supply of wholesome water, particularly during that part of the year when fevers are most prevailing, and when there ought to be water sufficient to form a constant stream through every one of our streets. In this way, and in this only, can they be cleansed of those impurities that engender disease, and those causes of alarm effectually removed which so frequently render a great portion of our city desolate, to the great injury of commerce, and the prejudice of individuals holding real estate. There is no man who has a spark of humanity in his bosom, or who is not altogether swayed by considerations of personal interest, but must feel desirous of so great a benefit being conferred on this city.

The following article, which we copy from a late number of the *London Mechanics' Gazette*, will show how highly an abundant supply of water is, and has always been prized in foreign countries:

Quantities of Water used in Paris, London, Rome, and Constantinople.

According to Frontinus, who had the charge of the aqueducts under the Emperor Nerva, the nine main aqueducts in his time delivered every day about twenty-seven million eight hundred thousand cubic feet; and when all the aqueducts were in action, we may extend the quantity to fifty millions of cubic feet of water daily. Reckoning the population of ancient Rome at a million of souls, this would give us fifty cubic feet for the daily supply of each inhabitant—about three hundred wine gallons each. In modern Rome, which contains only one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, it is computed that about five millions and one-third of cubic feet are expended—nearly equal to forty cubic feet for each individual, or two hundred and forty and a half wine gallons. In 1790 the supply of London was stated at two millions and three-quarters of cubic feet; and now it may probably amount to about four millions, from the rivalry of the companies. This will not give more than three and a half cubic feet to each inhabitant, or about twenty-one wine gallons. The population of Paris is estimated at six hundred thousand souls, and the supply is not more than three hundred thousand cubic feet daily. This will give about half a cubic foot, or three wine gallons, for the use of each Parisian. In Constantinople, with a population of six hundred thousand, each inhabitant may be said to have two-thirds of a cubic foot of water, or about six gallons—a very small quantity, when we take into account the frequent ablutions which are enjoined to be performed by the Mahometan religion. In Paris, in Rome, and Constantinople, a large proportion of the supply is further wasted in the public fountains, and which was also the case in ancient Rome; yet, if we allow only a fourth part of the supply stated by Frontinus to be used for private purposes, this quantity, when compared with the wants of the most luxurious modern population, will be enormous; for even from the miserable supply of Paris a great deduction must be made from the average quantity allowed to each individual, for the quantity flowing from the numerous public fountains in that city. In London this is saved; and the whole quantity, or nearly all, may be fairly considered as consumed by its mass of inhabitants for domestic purposes.

CURIOSITIES FOR THE INGENIOUS.

RAISING BUILDINGS BY THE HYDRAULIC PRESS.—A cotton mill, thirty yards long by ten yards wide, situated at Goitstock, near Bingley, the property of Mr. J. G. Horsfall of that place, has, within a fortnight, been raised a story, by the application of the hydraulic press, without disturbing the roof or displacing any of the machinery. This operation is performed by placing the pump under the rafters in succession, and working the piston, when the roof is seen to rise about eight inches at a time, and stones of the requisite dimensions are introduced in succession, till a course of stone is placed all round the mill; the pump is then again applied in the same manner as before, and other stones placed, till at length the story is completed, and the additional room gained without affecting the stability of the edifice. The saving of expense by this mode of elevating a building is considerable.

LAMPBLACK.—The finest lampblack is produced by collecting the smoke from a lamp with a long wick, which supplies more oil than can be perfectly consumed; or by suffering the flame to play against a metal-line cover, which impedes the combustion, not only by conducting off part of the heat, but by obstructing the current of air. Lampblack, however, is prepared in a much cheaper way, for the demands of trade. The dregs which remain after the eliquation of pitch, or else small pieces of fir wood, are burned in furnaces of a peculiar construction, the smoke of which is made to pass through a long horizontal flue, terminating in a close boarded chamber. The roof of this chamber is made of coarse cloth, through which the current of air escapes, while the soot remains behind.

WONDERS OF NATURE.—There are many wonders of nature which pass under our eye misunderstood and disregarded. Nothing can be more wonderful than the effects of frost, which, in the space of a single night, stops the running stream in its course, and converts the lake, moved by the gentlest breeze, into a firm plain, which man and beast may traverse at pleasure. As iron when it is heated expands, so does water when frozen, that is, they both take up more room than they did before. A bolt of iron which passes easily into a hole when cold, will not enter when made red-hot. If a bottle of water closely corked is permitted to freeze, the bottle will be broken for the want of room for the water to expand in. Even cannons filled with water, and plugged up at the muzzle and touch-hole, have been burst by an intense frost. This property of the frost produces a beneficial effect to the farmer, for the hard clods of the ploughed

ground are loosened and broken to pieces by the swelling of the water within them when it freezes, and thus the ground is prepared for receiving the seed in spring.

CHARCOAL.—The charcoal used in galvanic experiments is made from box. The following is the method used by chemists: they procure a number of strips of box, which they put into a crucible, covering the top with a lute; then placing it in a furnace, they let it remain some time, when it becomes converted into a charcoal, which is better for their experiments than any other kind.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work. MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

REVIEW

Commendatory of a Rhythmical Biography.

—Nunc horrentia rubi
Arma, virum-que cano. —Virgil emendatus.

We seldom meet with biographies in rhyme. The reason is obvious: the dull detail of actual existence, the heavy mass of facts and occurrences, the dates of birth, marriage, and death, all so indispensable in biography, would not be particularly appropriate to poesy: perchance the following may be considered an exception:

Born in twenty three, but tarried
'Till fifty-eight before he married,
Lived long and happy with his bride
'Till eighty-one, and then—he died.

But *exceptio probat regulum*, and as poets think themselves above such things, the greatest of men have been obliged to content themselves with humble prose in their biographies. However, in the ballad which we are about to review, the history of a most extraordinary man is narrated in a strain of superior inspiration. It is evidently written by a panegyrist; but as the facts he relates have never been contradicted, we are bound to consider them true. It begins in a style which cannot but satisfy the most fastidious critic.

"There was a man in our town."

Here is a distinct enunciation of the subject—no circumlocution, no tautology, no confusion of ideas. The first four words alone convey the information of birth, childhood, youth, manhood, and death. "There was"—that affecting and mournful tense of the past—it tells us that he no longer is, that

whatever he might have been, whatever he might have done, he is not now, he is gone! "There was a man." He had passed over the uncertain path of childhood, the garlands of his youth were wasted, and the steady light of noon shone in his eye; he was a man, twenty-one years old, and upwards. "There was a man in our town." How fondly the poet uses that pronoun of property—"our town"—he was proud of his town, and no doubt his town was proud of him, and of their townsman whose achievements be celebrates. Here too we learn that the subject of his song was not a man whose life was past "in populous city pent;" he was a lover of nature, he inhaled the fresh country breeze, feasted his eye on the scenery of the beautiful earth, and cherished all those fine feelings which are dried up by the smoke of a city.

"He was so wondrous wise."

What a perfection of character! Solomon is only called the "wise man;" and this distinction is deemed highly enviable, yet this man, how much greater than Solomon! "He was so wondrous wise;" his wisdom excited the poet's astonishment—it was a marvel! But some incredulous caviller may say that this is but fulsome panegyric, that mere assertion is no proof, and that the poet may possibly be telling a lie. Let such skeptics read what follows, and be convinced—

"He jmp'd into a briar-bush."

Good heavens! they say, do you call this a proof of wisdom? What! jump amidst the briars like the fox in the fable, and tear his clothes all to pieces? Be patient, gentlemen,—perhaps he had some motive, perchance it was accidental; nothing is more improper than to form hasty opinions. He was evidently under the influence of some strong emotion, some peculiar mental and bodily excitement—he did not *walk* into a briar-bush—he was not sauntering along, musing in deep thought and heedlessly coming in contact with the brambles—no—he *jumped*—Was he jumping for exercise, for amusement, or was he trying his alertness on a bet? Why did this man jump, and why above all things, did he jump into a briar bush? Here follows the reason—

"And scratched out both his eyes."

Now then we have the motive which actuated him. He was a man of feeling—he was tired of beholding the folly and the wick-

edness of men—he could no longer bear to see the chances and changes, and ups and downs of this vile world. He had seen too much for his comfort—he had seen the roses of his youth wither, and the blossoms of his hopes perish—he had seen insincerity, coldness, envy, uncharitableness and deceit crowding around him, until impelled by the madness of his feelings, and exclaiming with Macbeth, “I’ll see no more,”

“He jumped into a briar bush
And scratched out both his eyes.”

The deed was done, and he was in darkness. Then came his hour of reflection. What was his situation? He was by that act entitled to shake hands with Homer and Milton; nay more, he might claim the honour of sitting by the side of a goddess, and the most worshipped of all goddesses, Fortune. Was he contented with this high privilege? Alas, contentment is not for earth; no sooner had he performed this glorious exploit, than he began to regret his rashness, and to doubt whether he had acted *wondrous wisely* in thus “shutting out the vain world.” This we ascertain by his subsequent conduct:—

“And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped”——

and well might he do so—but wretched man! where did he jump?—We are almost afraid to read any further,—what horrible catastrophe is to wind up this tragic history? Is he going to jump into the river and become *felo de se* in addition to being already *felo de oculis*? Is he going to jump with old Gloster from Dover cliff into the wave of the vexed ocean? Or did he merely jump up and down from the excessive pain attending this peculiar way of gouging? We shall see:

“He jumped into another bush.”

Allah! what madness—is there no warning in the past, will this man rush into fresh tortures, inflict fresh wounds while the others are still bleeding? Not contented with scratching out his eyes, is he going to scratch off his nose next; and will the poet still call him “wondrous wise?” But perhaps he may have some plausible pretence for an action, which, if unexplained, must be attributed to insanity—

“And scratched them in again.”

Our doubts and fears are at end.—Extraordinary man! Antiquity can furnish no ex-

plot superior to this, and modern times no parallel. It well deserves to be recorded in immortal verse, while the spirit of even Napoleon himself must be satisfied to hear his actions narrated in the plain prose of Las Casas and O’Meara.

J. G. B.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. II. Vol. I. of *New Series* of the *MIRNERVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Hospital; a sketch from real life.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Habits and Customs of the Persians.* No. II.

THE DRAMA.—*Traditions concerning the story of Macbeth.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Caleb Whiteford.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Improving the voice. Scurvy, arising from the use of soap, and its cure. Chemical, Mineralogical, and Geological science, as applicable to the useful arts, and in accordance with the present state of those sciences.* No. I. *Curiosities for the Ingenious. Scientific Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*The Albigenes; by the author of Bertram, &c.*

CORRESPONDENCE.—*Physiognomy.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*The Rats in the Cellar.*

POETRY.—*To Marion, by “Ianthé;” with other pieces.*

GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

At the meeting of the Horticultural Society of this city, held on the 30th ult. a box of rare and curious seeds was presented from Robert Barclay, Esq. F. L. S. Burry-Hill, Surry, (England.) A communication was received from Dr. Mitchill, with a package of scarce seeds forwarded by Professor Baron de Schack, from the Island of Trinidad.

Dr. Mitchill’s portrait, painted by Jarvis, has been engraved by Mr. Durand of this city.

The citizens of the U. S. residing at Rio de Janeiro, have presented to the Western Museum of Cincinnati, Ohio, a collection of insects, and other articles, many of which were taken with their own hands.

Mr. Francis Glass of Dayton, Ohio, has in considerable forwardness for publication, a Biographical notice of Washington, in the latin language, with English notes, intended for colleges, seminaries, and classic gentlemen throughout the United States. Part of the work has been submitted to the Faculty of the Ohio University, at Athens, and to that of the Cincinnati college, who are said to have unanimously concurred in pronouncing it a production of uncommon merit.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

TO THE RAINBOW.

Fair daughter of the gathered storm,
Child of the dark and tempest cloud!
Bright is thy face and fair thy form,
When heaven hath ceased its clamours loud.
Thus when in dark and angry sky,
War's trumpet voice hath thundered by,
High honour, the soul's welcome guest,
Comes forth to soothe the warrior's breast,
For his past toils and victory!

Fair daughter of the bright sun-beam,
Angel of promise sent on earth!
Thou throwest thy bright and varied gleam
On the proud orb which gave thee birth.
So when proud genius soars on high,
His thoughts upon the kindred sky,
The hope of fame comes down to bless,
With its glad light his loneliness;
His meed is immortality!

Child of the soft and sunny sky,
Whose cradle is the golden heaven,
All that is dear to fancy's eye,
To thee hath smiling beauty given!
Thus love sent from above to bless,
Doth on the heart its joys impress:
The rainbow of man's morning hour,
Ere sorrow's cloud begins to lower
O'er his glad sky of happiness!

J. R. SUTERMEISTER.

For the Minerva.

ON A WITHERED PLANT.

In hot, in cold, in rain, in snow,
In time of pleasure and of woe,
I've nursed it with a cheerful heart,
And little thought we were to part,
Before another spring could smile,
Upon my favourite plant awhile.

Those withered leaves, were once as bright
As any offered to my sight,
Those withered limbs were once the same,
And many beauties I could name,
Were spread upon the garden chief,
Which fills the measure of my grief.

HELEN.

TRAFALGAR.

Have you sailed on the breast of the deep,
When the winds had all silenced their breath,
And the waters were hush'd in as holy a sleep,
And as calm as the slumber of death?
When the yellow moon beaming on high,
Shone tranquilly bright on the wave,

And careered through the vast and impalpable sky,
Till he found in the ocean a grave?
And dying away by degrees on the sight,
The waters were clad in the mantle of night.

'Twould impart a delight to thy soul,
As I felt it imparted to mine;
And the draught of affliction that blacken'd my bow,
Grew bright as the silvery brine.
I carelessly lay on the deck,
And listened in silence to catch
The wonderful stories of battle or wreck,
That were told by the man of the watch;
Sad stories of demons most deadly told he,
And of mermaids that rose from the depth of the sea.

Strange visions my fancy had filled,
I was wet with the dew of the night,
And I thought that the moon still continued to gild
The wave with a silvery light.
I sunk by degrees into sleep;
I thought of my friends who were far.
When a form seemed to glide o'er the face of the deep,
As bright as the evening star,
Ne'er rose there a spirit more lovely and fair,
Yet I trembled to think that a spirit was there.

Emerald green was her hair,
Braided with gems of the sea,
Her arm like a meteor she waved in the air,
And I knew that she beckoned on me.
She glanced upon me with her eyes,
How ineffably bright was their blaze,
I shrunk, and I trembled with fear and surprise,
Yet still I continued to gaze.
But enchantingly sweet was the smile of her lip,
And I followed the vision and sprang from the ship.

'Mid waves of the ocean I fell,
And dolphins were sporting around,
And many a triton was tuning the shell,
And ecstatic and wild was the sound.
There were thousands of fathoms above,
And thousands of fathoms below,
And we sunk to the cave where the sea-lions rove,
And the topaz and emerald glow,
Where the diamond and sapphire eternally shed
Their lustre around on the bones of the dead.

And well might their lustre be bright,
For they shone on the limbs of the brave,
Of those who had fought in the terrible fight,
And were buried at last in the wave.
In grottos of coral they slept,
On pillows of pearl strewn around,
And near them for ever the water snake crept,
And the sea-lion guarded the ground,
While the dirge of the heroes by spirits was rung,
And solemn and wild were the strains that were sung.

DIRGE.

Sweet is the slumber of the mariners' sleep,
Their bones are laid in the caves of the deep,
Far over their heads the tempests sweep,
That ne'er shall wake them more.
They died when raved the bloody fight,
And loud was the cannons roar,
Their death was dark, their glory bright,
And they sunk to rise no more.

But the loud wind past,
When they breathed their last,
And it carried their dying sigh
In a winding sheet,
With the shot at their feet,
In coral caves they lie.
Or where the siren of the rocks,
Lovely waves her sea green locks,

When the deadly breakers foam,
Found they an eternal home.

Horrid and long were the struggles of death,
Black was the night when they yielded their breath,
But on the ocean all buoyant and bloated,
The sport of the waters their white bodies floated,
For they were borne to coral caves,
Distant far beneath the waves,
And there on beds of pearl they sleep,
And over their heads the tempests sweep,
That ne'er shall wake them more.

THE BRIDE'S DIRGE.

Written on the death of the princess Charlotte, by
the author of Hohenelm, the Hall of Flowers, &c.

"The western islanders imagine that an apparition
like a mermaid, called the Spirit of the Green Isle, al-
ways precedes the death of a young and lovely bride."

I come in the morn—I come in the hour—
When the blossoms of beauty rise,
I gather the fairest and richest flower
Where heaven's dew purest lies—
Then rest thee, bride!
In thy beauty's pride,
To-night thou wilt rest by the mermaid's side.

The eye I touch must be soft and blue,
As the sky where the stars are gleaming;
And the breast must be fair as the fleecy clouds
Where the angels of bliss lie dreaming;
And the spirit within as pure and bright
As the stream that flows along banks of roses,
And sparkles along all life and light,
Then calm in its open bed reposes—
Ah!—rest thee, bride
By thy true love's side!
To-morrow a shroud his hope shall hide.

I saw them wreathing a crown for thee,
With the riches of empires in it;
But thy bridal robe was a winding sheet,
And the loves that crowned thee sat to spin it.
They heap'd with garland thy purple bed,
And each flower on earth they found thee;
But every flower in the wreath shall fade,
Save those thy bounty scattered round thee—
Yet sweetly sleep,
While my home I keep,
For angels to-night shall watch and weep.

Oh, green isle, woe to thy hope and pride!
To-day thy rose was bright and glowing;
The bud was full—the root was wide,
And the stream of love around it flowing.
To-morrow thy tower shall stand alone,
Thy hoary oak shall live and flourish,
But the dove shall from its branches be gone;
The rose that decked its stem shall perish.

SONNET,

To the author of 'Valperga.'

"Warm-hearted, high-thoughted, what union is thine
Of gentle affection and genius divine!"

Oh, for a lyre glorious as his, thine own
Beloved and lost one!—whom the treacherous wave
Snatched from the earth and thee;—a lyre which gave
Wild music to the world, whose every tone
Thrills yet in memory's ear, lovely and lone!
Oh, for a lyre as fine! that I might wave
All doubt and fear, and tell of feelings grave,

And lofty thoughts and pure, to me unknown,
Till thy unequalled genius kindled them.
Oh, woman's love and man's capricious heart
Were never painted with more searching truth
Than by thy gifted pencil. Critic phlegm
May mock this genuine power with worthless art,
For 'tis endued with an undying youth!

* The late P. B. Shelly.

EPIGRAMS.

COURAGE MISAPPLIED.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street and fled for his life:
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And saved him at once from the shrew and the rabble,
Then ventured to give him some sober advice:
But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That hesent to all three, a challenge next morning,
Three duels he fought, thrice he ventur'd his life,
Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

TALKING AND FEELING.

Women talk of love for fashion,
So they do of spirits walking,
But no more they feel the passion,
Than see the ghost of which they're talking.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Blind-man's-buff.

PUZZLE II.—Snap-dragon.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first is a term which is us'd to define
Perfection in manners, or face;
Yet we find it sometimes when we breakfast and dine,
And in the desert, after grace.

My second supports and sustaineth our days;
Yet when with much labour and pains,
We form up the mass into different ways,
It is nothing but pulveriz'd grains.

My whole is procur'd as a delicate treat
At the table of those who are great;
Yet those who work hard, and want substance to eat,
Would dislike all such dishes of state.

II.

My first is a gash, or a wound;
My second's a bonny young maid;
My whole has been frequently found
To inflict a deep gash with its blade.

EDITED BY

GEORGE HOUSTON AND JAMES G. BROOKS,
And published every Saturday

BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,
128 Broadway, New-York,

Four Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No
subscription can be received for less than a year;
and all communications (post-paid) to be addressed
to the publishers.

J. SEYMOUR, printer, 49 John-street.